A True and Full RELATION OF His MAJESTY's safe Arrival and Reception at the *HAGUE*.

Sent in a Letter from a Person of Quality, to his Friend in London.

3. febr. 169⅟₀.

SIR,

I Don't question but you have heard of His Majesty's being sixteen Hours in a Longboat amongst the Ice, with great Hazard of His Person: He went off in a Fog, supposing himself to be upon the Coast, when he was at least four Leagues off: He entred the *Hague* privately, and yesterday made his Publick Entrance, being importuned to do it by the States; who had put themselves to a prodigious Expence, to entertain him with Splendor and Magnificence sutable to the high Character of so mighty a Monarch. First, His own Coaches moved, then some of the Nobility, then some of the Nobility of *Holland* very well mounted; then his own particular Coach, which was very plain, himself in a Cloak; and at his left hand sate the Lord *Overkirk*, in the Back part of the Coach were the Duke of *Ormond* and the Lord *Scarbrough*, he was followed by the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Coach, and the Rest of the Nobility in order, the Footmen bare, and the Pages behind the Coaches, the Procession began without the *Hague*, and moved through three Triumphal Arches; the best and last of which was before the Gates of the Court, 'tis of the *Dorick* Order, and built after the manner of *Hadrian*'s at *Rome*. I have sent you the best of their Devices, and by them you may form to your self a Conjecture of the rest.

In the Cornish of the last Triumphal Arch, (which as I have before signified to you, is the best of the Three) there is the following Inscription in large Capital *Roman* Letters.

Pio, Felici, Inclyto,
Gulielmo *Tertio, triumphanti*
Patriæ Patri
Gubernatori P. C. L P.
Restauratori Belgii Fœderati,
Liberatori Angliæ,
Servatori Scotiæ,
Pacificatori Hiberniæ,
Reduci.

In English thus:

To the Pious, Happy, Renowned *William* the Third, Triumphant, the Father of his Country, the Governour of *P. C. L P.* Restorer of the *United Provinces*, Deliverer of *England*, the Preserver of *Scotland*, the Peace-Maker of *Ireland*, upon his safe Return.

Near this was another Device with three Crowns in a Scale, weighed down by a Sword with, this Motto:

Præmia non æquant. The Rewards do'nt equal his Service.

Then another of a young Eagle soaring towards the Sun in its Glory, with this:

Tener adversis innititur alis. Tho young, he boldly soars against the Sun.

Another with a Phenix expiring, with this:

Prælucet Posthuma proles. A Posthumous Off-Spring out-shines.

Another with a Galley under sail, with this:

Alter erit Tiphys. There shall be another *Tiphys.*

Another of a Lyon and Unicorn, the latter holding his Horn over Toads and Serpents, with this:

Virusque fugant, viresque repellunt. This Poison cures, and that does Force repel.

In one of the Attricks is this Inscription:

Gulielmum *Posthumum*
Britannorum Aurantiumque tertium
Patriæ Spem,
Reip. Palladium.

William the Posthumous, the third of that Name, of *Britain* and *Orange*, the Hope of his Country, the *Palladium* of the Common Wealth.

Another of *Europa* with her Arms displayed, and the Bull near her, with this Motto:

Eripiet Miseram. He will deliver her from her Misery.

The Fire-Works at Night were extremely curious, and the *Burghers* at the *Hague* were in Arms all the day. Here are no Princes here as yet, but the Duke of *Brandenburgh*; and he is at present *incognito*; The Dukes of *Bavaria* and *Zell* are daily expected. *Tromp* is made Admiral, to the General Satisfaction of the People here, who expect wonderful Performances from him this Summer. In short, Sir, you may imagine what a Glorious Appearance we shall have here at the *Hague*, when the rest of the Confederate Princes, who are now upon their Journy to this Place, are arrived; since the Figure we make at present is scarce capable of a Description. I am in haste, and must beg your Pardon for breaking off so abruptly.

Your most humble Servant.

Tuesday, Feb. 6. 1690. New Stile.

J. D.

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